

# WHAT IS THE TROUBLE?

A Great Deal of It in the World, a Remarkable Story.



HE trouble with a great many women is that they can't find a man who will appreciate them as they feel in their palpitating hearts that every woman should be appreciated.

The trouble with a good many girls is that they don't find out what they want until some time after they have had the sad conclusion forced upon them that what they want doesn't want them.

The trouble with a good many boys is that they think the red grapes that grow on a neighbor's vine, and that have to be picked after dark, are a good deal sweeter and better than the ripe black grapes that grow on their own vines, and can be gathered in the bright sunlight of publicity.

The trouble with a great many editors is that they don't think one-half as much as they write.

The trouble with a great many readers is that they don't understand how much easier it is to point out a tree in a magnificent landscape than it is to paint the landscape itself.

The trouble with a good many Vassar graduates is that they know more about expeditious ways of getting from the second story down to the lower hall than they do about making Christian bread.

The trouble with almost all the ministers is that they don't hear other ministers preach often enough to know what a really first class, bang up sermon is.—Somerville Journal.

One of the Crowd.

He returned to Detroit from a trip to Europe Saturday night. When he crossed the river and felt that he was home once more he stepped back. He expected a little crowd to meet him at the depot, and he was not disappointed. A score of people took him by the hand and welcomed him home. One of the scores did more than that. He drew the returned sailor and said:

"So you have been to Europe?" "Yes."

"Gone ninety days, eh?" "Yes, about ninety."

"Have a good time?" "Splendid!"

"Well, I am awfully glad to see you back. So you had a good time?" "Indeed, sir, I did."

"Glad to hear of it, I suppose?" "Yes."

"Did they treat you well over there?" "Oh, certainly. Let me see. You have the advantage of me. What is your name, please?"

"My name? Oh, I'm Green." "Green? Green?"

"Yes—used to run a feed store on Michigan avenue, you know? You went off owing me \$1.65 for oats, but I haven't worried over it a bit. Just thought I'd drop down and welcome you, and if you had the change handy I'd receipt the bill."—Detroit Free Press.

A Newspaper and a Book.

A newspaper and a book jostled each other on Broadway. Turning around angrily, the book was about to make a disagreeable remark, when, observing who the other was, its manner changed.

"We are both children of the press," said the book, "and there should be no animosity between us."

"On your side, at least," rejoined the newspaper, "there should be no animosity between us, and it is only through me that the breath of life can be puffed into your body. When you get a little reputation you snub your old friends and benefactors."

"You need not quarrel," said the book, "for when you have long been consigned to the oblivion of the ash barrel a chance allusion to you in my pages may be all that keeps your name alive."

So they went and took a bottle of ink together.

Moral—Don't ride your own hobby too hard. The universe won't stop its revolutions because your particular theory of existence is proved false or pernicious.—Judge.

Not a Stranger.

"Tommy," said a New Mexico lady, addressing her son, "you shouldn't make so free with the gentleman. You never saw him before."

"Yesum, I have. He's the man that shot Pap."

"Oh, is he? I thought he was a stranger. Go back and talk to him if you want to."—Arkansas Traveler.

A Honanza.

Omaha Dame—What do you think? I have a girl who gets up in the morning without being called.

Chorus of Voices—Impossible!

"But it is true; she's in love with the milkman."—Omaha World.

Able to Hear Her Bereavement.

Della—How is Mrs. Greenidge lately? Is she perfectly reconciled to the loss of her husband?

Belle—Yes, I think so. Her mourning fits beautifully.—Lowell Citizen.

The Hotel Clerk's Position.

First Guest—How many miles is it to Smith's farm?

Second Guest—Does the 9 o'clock train stop for water now at Jones' crossing?

Third Guest—What street car shall I take to get to Billy the Bootblack's peanut stand? I am a lawyer in search of heirs to some property.

Fourth Guest—Do you believe the spots on the sun have any effect on the weather?

Fifth Guest—What sort of building stone is that they are using on that new structure over there somewhere, don't know the street, but it's about half an hour's walk?

Sixth Guest—Say, my friend, if you were away from home, among strangers, without money, and wanted to commit suicide, what sort of a death would you choose?—Omaha World.

Wanted Insurance.

"Is this a fire insurance company?" he inquired as he hesitatingly entered the office of one of the best known companies in the country.

"Yes, sir. Anything we can do for you?"

"Yes. I'm a traveling man, and just got a brand new fireproof safe. I've been unfortunate in every other job I've had. Always struck dead, trade, you know, and got fired. Now, if you will insure me against fire in this case I'll be perfectly willing to pay whatever is reasonable for a policy."

But the company wasn't filling that kind of a long felt want.—Merchant Traveler.

A Shortage Accounted For.

Good Minister—It is rather odd that the collections are exactly \$1 less than they used to be.

Minister's Wife—Nothing odd about it.

"We have not lost any of our congregation."

"No, but I suppose that you remember that Mr. Pious never used to give less than a dollar."

"Of course."

"Well, Mr. Pious has been elected a deacon and he passes the plate now."—Omaha World.

No Regard for Her Feelings.

An Austin family has a colored servant that, while very attentive to her duties, has never been known to give anybody a civil answer. Purely as an experiment the lady of the house bought her a new calico dress, and gave it to her, saying:

"I am glad to have the pleasure, Matilda, of giving you this dress."

"Yer mouh bad had dat pleasure long ago, yer had any regard fo' my feelings," was the gracious reply.—Harper's Magazine.

Caught in the Act.

"Have you any of Dr. Lee's patent cough syrup?" inquired a gentleman of a drug clerk.

"No, sir, but I have some of my own make, which is as good if not better. Can I give you a bottle?"

"No, I thank you; I am Dr. Lee."—Judge.

THAT WALL STREET NAPOLEON.

Bill Nye Descants on the Financial Ideas of Mr. Ives.

HE present age may be regarded as the age of investigation. This morbid curiosity on the part of the American people to know how large fortunes are acquired is a healthy sign, and the desire of the press as well as the people to investigate the parlor magic and funny business by which a man can buy two millions of dollars' worth of stock in the Aurora Borealis without

# TALES BY BURDETTE.

Funny Things Evolved by The Brooklyn Eagle Humorist.

"Waiter, what have you for dinner?"

"Plain roast beef, mashed potatoes, macaroni and steamed tomatoes." "Then bring me some roast lamb, baked potatoes, cauliflower and lima beans, and to quick about it."

Two or a halfpenny jump.

Resolute Old Lady on the ferry—Young man, I wish you'd throw away that nasty cigar, it's making me sick. Wavering Young Man quickly complied—Me, too.

SWEET USES OF ADVERSITY.

Landlord of summer hotel—George, run down to Keep Beach and stop with me a couple of days. You'll like the house. I've got the dandy cook now, George—French chef! Landlord—Butch baron. He's so drunk all the time he can't cook and so has all our meals sent in from a restaurant, and we're just living fat.

BY THE SEA.

"Ethel, dear, you are looking pale all this morning." "Yes, mamma, I went in bathing yesterday and got my feet wet." "Oh, careless girl, and spoiled your bathing suit, no doubt. Never let that happen again."

ONE OF HIS KIND OF BOYS.

"Do you ever take anything?" asked the stranger, nodding toward the mahogany work. "Well, yes," replied the photographer, "that's my business. Paradoxical as it may seem, I deal in negatives, but never say no." And he slid a developer about three fingers deep into the dark closet of his cavernous swallowing thing.

RIGHT TO THE SPOT.

"Doctor," said the hypochondriac, "I am going blind. I feel the blindness coming on me day by day." "Hah!" exclaimed the doctor in deep disgust, "that's all in your eye." And the patient was greatly relieved to learn that it wasn't his ear.

THIS IS A FLOUNDER.

"What is your favorite flower, Mr. Hayseed?" asked Miss Lilybird. "The tuber rose, marm, the tuber rose," said the good old man, for it was he, shouldering his hoe and marching down to the potato patch. This might be considered a pun de terrible. Excuse my French.

AND THEY WERE MARRIED.

SHE.

She lived away out in Arkansas— She had snappy teeth and a hopper jaw; Her hair was as red as a prairie fire, And her name it was Susan Miranda Marlar.

HE.

Her color was ecru and freckle-and-tan; She wore No. 9's like a little man. Her temper was as hot as a prairie fire, And the oracles vowed she would die an old maid.

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The Latest Scientific Principles.

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Nervous Debility.

Sufferers from this distressing disorder, the symptoms of which are a dull and unsettled mind, which unites them for the performance of their business and social duties, makes happy marriages impossible, distresses the action of the heart, causes flashes of heat, evil forebodings, nervousness, short breathings, dizziness, easily of company, with a preference to be alone, feeling as tired in the morning as on retiring, white deposit in urine, nervousness, trembling, watery and weak eyes, dyspepsia, constipation, pain and weakness in limbs, etc., should consult DR. ALBERT immediately and be restored to health.

Marriage.

Married persons or young men contemplating marriage, aware of Physical Weakness or any other disqualifications speedily relieved. He who places himself under the care of DR. ALBERT may come in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

A CURE WARRANTED.

Persons Ruined in Health by Unlearned Pretenders who keep Trifling with them Month after Month, giving Poisonous and Injurious Remedies, should Apply Immediately.

REMARKABLE CURES. Perfected in old cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. No experiments or failures. Parties treated by mail or express, but where possible personal consultation is preferred.

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